The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXV *January* 9, 1942 NUMBER 12

THE WEEK
AUSTRALIA COMES OF AGE *James G. Murtagh* 286
MOOD IN IONIC
FALL OF TIMBER (*Two Poems*) *James E. Whitehead, S.J.* 290
A CITY THAT GOES TO SCHOOL *George Kent* 291
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 293
THE STAGE *David Burnham* 294
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 295
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 297
Hernán Cortés — Tomorrow Will Come—Literary Scholarship, Its Aims and Methods—The Intent of the Critic—Music in Western Civilization—The Opinions of Oliver Allston—O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1941—The Pocket Milne—Reading I've Liked—Bright Scalpel—Meister Eckhart
THE INNER FORUM 302

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00
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THE HOLY FATHER has again diagnosed for the world what is its general disease and what are the dangers which threaten the peace to follow this war—threaten to make it a "frustrated and deluded peace." He very aptly describes the malady. "A religious anemia, like a spreading contagion, has so afflicted many peoples of Europe and of the world and has created in their souls such a moral void that no spurious and pharisaical religious organization and no national or international mythology will serve to fill this emptiness." There is an anemia and an emptiness—the anemia induced by those men "who have directed their every thought, word and deed to their sworn objective of tearing from the hearts of our young and old alike their faith in God"; the emptiness trying to seek its fill in the "material world, striving and sweating with might and main to spread out in space, to surpass all previous accomplishments in the attainment of riches and power, to engage in a competition of speed, to produce in greater quantity and quality everything that material advancement and progress seemed to require." The conclusion: "Who today can be surprised that such radical opposition to the principles of Christian teaching has finally found its outlet in so tense a clash of internal and external enmities, as to lead to the extermination of human lives and the destruction of worldly goods?" Life lived wholly for this world turns on itself, rends itself, devours itself.

Very few men of good will could spurn the Pope's caveats for a true peace. They are five, and underlying them all is an insistence on the moral law. First there must be "no room for the violation of the freedom, integrity and security of other States." Then there must be "no place for open or occult oppression of the cultural and linguistic characteristics of national minorities, for the hindrance or restriction of their economic resources, for the limitation or abolition of their natural fertility." Third: no hoarding of economic resources "to such an extent that the nations less favored by nature are not permitted access to them." Fourth: "no place for a total warfare or for a mad rush to armaments," and treaties must not be considered as made to break, but to keep. Finally, "no place for persecution of religion and of the Church."

Each of these "must nots" in varying degree reflects on the present belligerents; some reflect more heavily on the Axis, some on ourselves and our allies—particularly is the latter true of the warning against hoarding economic resources, for England and the US *are* the "have" nations, and we have not hesitated to press our advantage further than we should. That, all in all, we should feel our score much the better in terms of these moral criteria is only natural. That we should see where the cap fits the enemy and not see where it fits us is equally natural. We discern Mussolini in the "passing glory of the Caesars," Hitler in the "godless and anti-Christian conception of the State." Do we as readily see ourselves "overwhelmed in the confusion of this moral abyss," fashioning a new religion, "a mask of dead Christianity without the spirit of Christ"? For there the cap most likely fits us, certainly fits us unless we see to it that it does not.

Post-War Vision

DURING the holiday week, while hard facts showed almost everywhere that the war's vortex was still growing and would continue to rise and spread for long months or years before any sort of peace could be expected, nevertheless talk of the post-war world managed to be heard. Unless we go to war for peace, we are lost indeed. When we do war, it is good to talk of peace aims and try to school our minds and will to work for them. Only a genuine peace idea can fully ignite the hearts of those who undergo the war. And such an idea can win the hearts of their people from our enemies.

From the short reports of the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting, the Eden-Stalin conversations, the messages from Australia and the Dutch Indies and other sources, we can gather a few hints about the trend of official thought on peace aims.

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The disarmament of Germany is a clearly stated aim. The papers quote the President saying: "This time we shall see that Germany is disarmed and stays disarmed." *Izvestia* reports that the Russians hold still stronger thoughts on this subject. However this aim to disarm Germany may be practically conceived, a proposal of the general idea is almost automatic. Secondly, there appears a tendency for the allies against the Axis to group around the continental United States. Churchill comes to Washington; Premier Curtin of Australia looks first to Washington in a "military alliance necessitated by geographical considerations"; the Dutch East Indies, while doing more than their share in the Far East, look for support to this country, not Europe; the Latin American states go to war along with us or express their solidarity in other terms. America is the center of one great bloc, Germany of another, and it is hotly disputed how independently Japan is the center of a third. So far Japan is formidably proving an independent power. Russia stands between Europe and Asia, fighting ably in one direction while her full status in the whole war remains unknown or undecided. Thirdly, the purpose is expressed in many quarters to restore the occupied nations.

Here is introduced a conception which absolutely demands further thought and elucidation. The same reports of the Washington conversations say that the President and Premier anticipate that the newly "independent" nations of Europe will have to "cooperate" and give up some of their sovereign rights along military and economic lines. There are senators recalling to mind with approval the Wilson ideal of a functioning league. Many religious leaders call for a world federation. The Pope has repeated his call for international or supernational juridical institutions. Everybody knows that the unchecked national sovereignties of the past could probably not be recreated, and that if they were set up again, they would lead again to war. Churchill spoke before Congress about "if we had kept together." There is a natural drive now among the people for a broader organization than the old egoistic national states. Historical conditions call for a broader organization. How will it come? Let us pray it will not come in great and competitive continental blocs, as it may very likely do, if strong effort is not devoted to obtaining something better. We ought not forget the letter of the Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. They said we are pledged to strive:

> not for vengeance but for the common good, not for national aggrandizement but for common security in a world in which individual human rights shall be safeguarded and the will to live on the part of all nations great or small shall be respected—a world in which the eternal principles of charity shall prevail.
>
> A victory that will be a blessing not for our nation alone but for the whole world. . . .

Peace, Pope Pius said on Christmas Eve, is a universal undertaking.

Emotion and Policy

UNDENIABLY the State Department's opposition to the occupation of St. Pierre and Miquelon by Free French forces surprised and shocked great numbers of Americans. It surprised Americans because we have become accustomed to think of any occupation of anything by allied forces as good news and not as bad news. It surprised us because the forces that took over these small and defenseless islands have been active, obviously, in the struggle against Germany and have been thus active in close coordination, presumably, with Great Britain. The State Department's note surprised us by its content and shocked us by its form—its irritation and its seeming contempt for those whom it named the "so-called" Free French. For the volunteers with de Gaulle certainly are French; they have freely chosen to leave their country in order to be free to fight, outside the prison which is their country, for its liberation. It seemed therefore unnecessary to mark the point that we do not recognize the Free French movement as a legitimate government, since no one ever supposed we did.

Americans were shocked, the Free French dismayed, the French Government delighted, the Germans and Italians amused. These reactions took place on the emotional plane and on this plane serious harm has been done. Let us leave it.

What are the facts and the import of the facts? The United States has a considered policy toward the *de facto* government of France. This policy has not been defined nor publicized; it has been given no emotional overtones. It is an old style diplomatic policy based on military and naval factors. Essentially, for excellent, multiple and of course fallible reasons, it seeks to avoid breaking with France. This policy, through American representation in a conquered country, whose population places its hope in our strength, also seeks to maintain contact with the conquered peoples of Europe and thus to encourage and strengthen their opposition to the conqueror who is our enemy. At the same time the United States has supplied with arms, directly and indirectly, the de Gaulle forces, just as we have supplied and shall continue to supply all forces fighting the enemy. Now while there is no contradiction between these two policies, which tend toward a single purpose, they do necessitate, however, delicate and continuous diplomatic activity. Whether purposely or not, the action taken by the Free French at St. Pierre and Miquelon seriously interfered with our recent negotiations with the French government. It is obvious that we cannot accept such interference, if the essence of any policy be coherence.

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Shift to Pan America

THE national ban on sales of auto tires has at last brought home to the American public how dependent we are on the Far East for certain strategic raw materials. It also focuses attention on Latin America as a source of these much-needed supplies now that we are cut off from the Orient. As far as rubber is concerned, there are insuperable difficulties in building up new rubber plantations in time to figure in the present war effort. Seedlings must be from five to seven years old before they can be tapped; the disease which has attacked rubber trees below the Rio Grande has yet to be conquered; and at present Latin America is producing annually only 20,000 tons of rubber, while the United States imports 600,000 tons a year from the Dutch East Indies alone.

There are other strategic materials, however, which can be procured in sizable quantities from Latin America in much less time. Up to now we have been procuring 99 percent of our tin from the Far East, although there are large supplies in Bolivia under British monopoly. In varying periods of time feasible sources of manganese, chromium, tungsten and mercury can be set up in Latin America to supplant the cut-off sources in the Orient.

However much threatened the Latin Americans feel because of Axis successes to date, observers believe that they are still primarily interested in stable long-time markets for their foodstuffs and other raw materials. The present loss of European markets makes this concern all the more acute. And industrialization from the very nature of present Latin American conditions must of necessity be so long and slow that it cannot relieve the Latin American raw-material producing countries in their present plight.

The United States must, then, be prepared to shift at least a large portion of its purchases of such raw materials from the Orient to the Latin Americas on a more or less permanent basis. Not that we should seek a monopoly of the output or promise a monopoly of our market or attempt to monopolize the entire foreign trade of our southern neighbors, if that latter relationship were possible. What is needed under the new state of things is some broad over-all plan arrived at by mutual consultation involving all the Americas. What will evolve may well be along lines set forth by the Inter-American Development Commission set up in 1939 at the Panama Conference to promote the development of mineral, forest, agricultural and industrial resources throughout the hemisphere.

Yet such an over-all plan cannot be as simple in conception as straight Pan American free trade or the establishment of a series of Pan American cartels to handle all the surpluses. And it must be set in motion with a realization that with the peace must come new provisions for trade and access to the world's raw materials.

The principal change in Pan American relations is in the political and governmental character it has taken on. No longer can trade be left to the winds of private speculation, but the new relations will have to be highly purposive and political. Although private investment in the new enterprises should be encouraged, the bulk of the financing must in keeping with the war economy be public in character—as are the Export-Import Bank and the Surplus Commodities Corporation.

Interest and capital payments to investors can no longer be a matter of mere hopes, of landing of US marines, of securing foreign loans for the purpose from the United States Government. In order that there be a reasonable expectation of a *quid pro quo* all sorts of exchange devices must be resorted to: quotas, barter, rebates, preferential tariffs, export duties and the like to fit each individual case. For the sake of the other Americas themselves in the long run, as well as for our own, the United States must be tougher about arranging to be paid back. This over-all plan, then, will involve the widest variety of international trade provisions.

Much will depend on the way the Americas go about developing their vast resources. If they have learned from the history of the United States the futility of concentration of manufactures and of population and of the widespread dereliction that inevitably follows "factories in the fields," there is some chance of developing a sound economy. Now is the time to set forth bold outlines of development that are socially good when new plans are being laid. Likewise there is much to learn from the way the United States has wasted its mineral, forest and soil resources. Conservation and decentralization, diversification of agriculture, regional planning and a large degree of family self-subsistence go hand in hand.

In the various plans for developing Pan American economy not enough has been said about the tremendous problem of transportation. The vast distances, the difficult terrain, the lack of roads and railroads to some of the greatest potential sources of supply and the need of merchant ships to handle the contemplated increase in trade comprise one of the most immediate problems. No less important for building up Pan American economy is the problem of public health. In so brief a compass only a few of the salient features of the Pan American economy problem have been alluded to. They point to some of the possibilities in a new hemisphere economy, which would not be exclusive yet could provide a standard of living and a social set-up worthy of the best joint efforts.

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Australia Comes of Age

A sketch-portrait of a continent commonwealth.

By **James G. Murtagh**

"AND NOW, folks, allow me to introduce the representative from Australia—that quaint, little, romantic isle, way down in the South Seas!" So the superintendent of education in a Texas town, introducing the guest lecturers for the evening. *Quaint?* Every country is quaint to the stranger and, for Americans, the land of the Southern Cross invariably arouses curiosity in her strange flora and fauna and a fraternal interest in her homogeneous people, over ninety-five percent of British, Irish and Scottish blood. *Little?* Well, Australia, believe it or not, is as large as the United States, as the war maps reveal. But perhaps the gentleman meant our population—only seven millions in a vast island continent, lying ominously at the end of Nippon's southward drive. *Romantic?* Assuredly, for Australia's story is one of the lesser known romances of history. She has known neither hostile frontiers, wars on her own soil nor the influence of neighbor states. At this writing, her cities had not been bombed by the Japanese. Her frontiers were her unscaled mountains, her mysterious rivers, her wide horizons. She was moulded—until yesterday—mainly from within, by conflict with primitive nature, by her experience of gold and by her social experiments in search of utopia. Out on the edge of the world, Australia telescoped the centuries, recapitulated the history of the race, from a primitive servile society to free institutions and high civilization, all in a hundred and fifty years.

Child of revolution

Australia is the child of revolution. The cause and occasion of her founding are linked in the American War of Independence and the English Industrial Revolution. Washington's arms ended Britain's transportation of convicts to America and the West Indies, and the unfortunate human by-products of the new factory system soon cluttered English prisons and overflowed the hulks on the Thames.

Botany Bay was the way out. The Irish Rebellion of '98 supplied most of the Catholic convicts transported while the French Revolution released ideas, soon to influence Australia's political development. The Revolution of '48 contributed men and ideas of a definitely socialist coloring. England got rid of her pioneer unionists—the Dorchester Laborers and the Scottish Martyrs—by exiling them to the antipodes. The immigrants of the forties, bringing ideas of British Chartism, Irish discontent and European radicalism, provided a revolutionary ferment and the beginnings of the Australian labor movement. Australian history may well be interpreted in terms of recurrent revolution, more or less "absent-minded," in political, social and economic life. It is significant that the two heroes of her history were leaders of rebellions. John McArthur, an officer of the New South Wales Corps and founder of the Wool Industry, led what is called the "Rum Rebellion" against Governor Bligh (yes, he of the *Bounty*) and is the hero of the capitalist tradition. Peter Lalor, an Irish-Catholic gold miner, who later became a member of parliament and retired on a pension, led the "Eureka Stockade" on the Victoria gold fields against governmental tyranny and is the hero of labor.

Australia's development falls into three periods—an *Age of Iron* (1787-1840), fifty-odd years of iron discipline, iron rations and hard, inhuman social relations, with government a military autocracy, the convicts virtually slaves, and a small clique of go-getters collaring the land, working it with servile labor and endeavoring to entrench themselves as landed aristocrats. The attempt failed, before the growing agitation against transportation and the clamor for democratic government.

The second period was an *Age of Gold* (1850-1890), when Australia was rediscovered and immigrants flocked in their thousands from the old world in search of eldorado; when Australia built her democracy, settled down after the fever of the diggings to mine the metal of her soul, to discover her mores and folkways and her national spirit and blaze the way to her federation in a commonwealth.

The third period may be called an *Age of Steel* (1890 to the present). It began with a clash of capital and labor in the great strikes of the nineties; it saw the writing of the Australian constitution, based partly on the American, partly on the Canadian codes; the foundation of the Commonwealth; the introduction of advanced social legislation; the growth of state-owned enterprise and,

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above all, the tremendous expansion of industry and manufacturing, especially since the last war. It ended on December 7, 1941, when Japanese bombers drove in over Hawaii and there began what every Australian has always dreaded, always felt was sooner or later inevitable, the battle for the Pacific.

For the average American, Australia seems to be synonymous with wool, wide open spaces and tall, sun-tanned Anzacs. The Sunday supplements and the movies have largely fostered this familiar picture of the Australian scene. For the American business man, it conjures up visions of a semi-socialistic land, where Governments strangle private enterprise and fire-eating labor unionists roam the country, more dangerous than kangaroos, seeking a place to strike. The picture is considerably overdrawn. Not that it is entirely false, but it is scarcely half the truth. Wool, it is true, is Australia's staple. In 1930, there were more than 110 million sheep in the Commonwealth and in the state of New South Wales alone there were more sheep than in the United States or the Soviet Union. But since 1900, primary production has been declining in Australia both as a contributor to the national income and as a field of employment. It fell from 32.2 per cent in 1901 to 20.8 in 1933. But, more significantly, while the population increased 75 percent during that time, farmers and rural workers increased only 12.5 percent. Today, there is only one farm worker in an average dozen Australian workers, so that the bulk of the Australian people are engaged in secondary and tertiary industry and crowded in the capital cities, mainly Sydney (1,500,000) and Melbourne (1,000,000).

"Socialisme sans doctrines"

The French observer, Albert Métin, who visited the continent at the turn of the century for the French Academy, named Australia the land of *socialisme sans doctrines*. The state, competing with private enterprise, has taken up land selection, built railroads, water supplies, irrigation schemes, established compulsory arbitration and regulated wages. The first minimum wage law enacted in modern times was passed by the State of Victoria in 1896, five years after the Encyclical Rerum Novarum. After the last war, Government ownership reached its peak. All railroads were and still are state-owned. The Federal Government ran a shipping line, a bank, a woollen mill, while in Queensland, the state operated sheep and cattle stations, butcher shops, a fishery, a cannery, coke works, mines, smelters and even a State hotel! But since 1930, a silent revolution has been taking place, with a gradual retreat of government from the economic field. The Federal Government sold its shipping line, its woollen mill, but retains its Commonwealth Bank, which, however, according to the radicals, was "sold out" to the capitalists. New South Wales sold its brick works and metal quarries while Queensland wound up its state enterprises in the 1930's. Nevertheless a large measure of state ownership and control remains. In 1937-38, state business undertakings returned as much as 45 percent of the aggregate of all state revenues. But, what is more significant, especially for the problematical future, a strong traditions and demand for state control, completely divorced, however, from "isms" or ideologies, has become part of the Australian social attitude. Indeed, the paradox of the Australian is that he is an extreme individualist—a "cussed" rather than a "rugged" individualist—yet expects the Government to do everything.

The last decade has seen something of a revolution in the Australian economy, due to the rise of industrialism. It began after the Great War and moved at first with an imperceptible growth, an increasing tempo during the thirties and since the outbreak of the present conflict a more rapid expansion into new fields. Even in 1932-33, the value of manufactures produced was $476,000,000, including heavy industry such as railway rolling stock, street cars, motor body building, nonferrous metal refining, agricultural implements and general iron and steel products. The mysterious company mentioned in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article (November 29) was Broken Hill Proprietary, a giant corporation, organized vertically like the United States Steel Corporation, with which the growth of Australian heavy industry is largely identified. The still more mysterious "Secret City," which everybody knows in Australia, is Whyalla, South Australia, a company town, conducted by BHP. But it is an exaggeration to conclude from such development that the war has brought an industrial revolution to Australia. Industrialism already existed. The war has merely intensified existing tendencies. This intensification of trends rather than introduction of novelties is observable also in the political and administrative spheres. The vast concentration of power and control in the federal government, necessary in time of war, evokes little fear or comment among the generality of Australians. It is, in a sense, a return to her political origins, it is part of her semi-socialistic experience, a continuation of her recent trends. For this reason, if a large measure of state socialism is to be the mark of the vague new world envisioned by many after the war, it will mean no breach with tradition, no discontinuity of development in the Australian Commonwealth.

From catacombs to Catholic Action

The story of the Catholic Church provides perhaps the most remarkable chapter in Aus-

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tralia's progress. She began in the catacombs of convictism, her members literally enchained, for long refused the ministrations of priests and forced to attend Protestant services under threat of the lash. But those Irish exiles, political prisoners transported without trial or sentence from the Rebellion of '98, kept the Faith and, led by fighting pioneer priests, won legal existence, toleration, freedom and finally equality and prepared the way for Australia's second discovery in the gold rushes of the fifties, when thousands of Irish immigrants flocked to the country.

During the Age of Gold, the Catholic Church had a pentecostal growth and became a most vigorous child in the nursery of Christendom. The hierarchy was founded in 1842—the centenary is to be celebrated this year—and at the close of the century was led by a Cardinal, Patrick Francis Moran, scholar, statesman and leader, who played the part of Manning in the great strikes of the nineties by supporting the cause of the workers. "Three cheers for the Cardinal!" echoed around his house, when the unionists were marching to the Sydney Domain for a monster meeting.

Today Catholics are one-fifth of the population, something under a million and a half in round numbers and organized in twenty-five dioceses, under six archbishops and twenty bishops. The pride of the Australian church is her efficient and comprehensive educational system, which excels the state schools in scholastic results, yet is entirely supported by Catholics, without state-aid. Practically all Catholic children attend Catholic grade schools and of those who go on to high (education is compulsory up to 14), ninety percent attend Catholic high schools, called colleges in Australia. There are no Catholic colleges in the American sense, but in the six state universities, which are on the English model, there is an affiliated Catholic college on the campus in the principal cities. It has been estimated that over ninety percent of Catholic young people who go on for higher education have had a continuity of Catholic education through grade and high schools before entering universities.

The International Eucharistic Congress, held in Sydney in 1928, was followed in the thirties by a remarkable outburst of ecclesiastical and lay initiative, which reached its climax in the midst of war, with the recent announcement by the hierarchy of the unification of Catholic Action in the Commonwealth. The lay movement had its origins in the Campion Society, founded in Melbourne in 1931 by a young lawyer as an educational and cultural discussion group movement for university graduates and undergraduates. Following an historical approach, the society was deeply influenced by Belloc and Dawson and expanded in a three years informal group life of reading and discussion over the general field of Catholic literature. The center of the movement was the Melbourne Catholic Library (60,000 volumes), which is situated in the heart of downtown, with a café near by and a hotel around the corner. The society was a seeding ground for lay apostles and soon began to flower. One group formed a branch of the Catholic Evidence Guild. Others began writing for the press and speaking for the Catholic Hour broadcast. Another group founded the Australian *Catholic Worker,* while the debating halls of Australian universities, too, echoed to the Chester-Belloc dialectic, for from '31 to '35, Campion men virtually took over the Melbourne Varsity debating team. In their visits to the various capital cities, they discovered other groups of young Catholics beginning to shoulder the troubles of the world, notably the Catholic Guild of Social Studies in Adelaide.

In 1934, at the National Eucharistic Congress in Melbourne, a conference was called of student bodies from all states of the Commonwealth. Appropriately the theme of the Congress was "The Blessed Eucharist and Catholic Action." The convention resulted, among other things, in the formation by Campion leaders of an unofficial clearing house for ideas on Catholic Action. Half a dozen members and one of their chaplains prepared a joint pamphlet, entitled "Prelude to Catholic Action," stressing formation instead of organization, which had a wide circulation and groups of Campion inspiration began to spring up in cities, country towns and most unexpected corners of the continent.

At the same time, the Campion Society established contact with the outside world and began to build up knowledge of what was being thought and done in other countries. English ideas filtered in through the press, notably the *Catholic Herald,* the *Weekly Review* and *Blackfriars,* to mention only the more influential. The society was in touch with Father Kothen of the JOC and the "Action Populaire" in France. Thus the *Dossiers* and *Cahiers* and the rich, inspiring literature of Jocism began to exert its influence on the movement. Of American influences, Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin have been perhaps the greatest, for the American *Catholic Worker* inspired a like venture in the South Seas.

The "Catholic Worker"

The foundation of the *Catholic Worker* was an event of profound importance for the future of Catholic social policy in Australia. The writer, a Campion chaplain, was present on that summer evening late in January. 1936,when the first "pull" was drawn, wet, blotchy and technically rather primitive, from an over-worked press in a small, suburban printery in an industrial suburb, and eagerly scrutinized by the first Campion *Catholic*

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Worker group. The edition was dispatched from a grocery store next door, owned by the father of the editor. The first copy was sent to Pope Pius XI and another to Joseph Stalin, Moscow! And when the job was done and the hour very late, the boys drank a bottle of wine and said a decade of the Rosary. So began the Australian CW, inspired, it is true, by its elder brother in America, but differing in origins, policy and organization.

It was founded, with the permission of Archbishop Mannix, as a free organ of lay opinion and propaganda, to counter "red" activities in unions and industrial areas of Melbourne. It grew almost overnight into a national monthly of 50,000 copies. The first consignment to Adelaide was preceded by a telegram which read as follows: "Five hundred *Catholic Workers* arriving Adelaide railway station." The police were advised and extra men were detailed for duty! The Australian *CW* is not a center of a "movement" along Mott Street lines. There are, as yet, no breadlines, houses of hospitality, farming communes nor organized counsels of perfection. But there is plenty of round-table discussion, for the paper is cooperatively edited and written (without pay and after work) by a group of laymen, with the object of giving the Australian worker a concrete program of Christian social action, on the lines of the Encyclicals. Today, it is conducted by a central committee of 24 men, with an inner council of members of at least two years' experience, to preserve continuity of policy. Its criticism of modern policy is expressed in the dialectic of Belloc's "Servile State" and its policy is summed up in its slogan, "Property for the People!" Its conclusions are its own nor does it commit the Church or the hierarchy. In 1937, it received the Apostolic Blessing of Pope Pius XI.

Lay leaders of the thirties

When the Fourth Plenary Council of the hierarchy of Australasia met in September, 1937, the bishops recognized and commended the *Catholic Worker*. They also implemented a memorandum on Catholic Action, submitted by Campion leaders, urging the establishment of a National Secretariat and a period of experimentation and formation of leaders, so that Catholic Action should not be superimposed from above but should be an organic growth from below, following the principle of specialization according to milieu. The founder of the Campion movement, Frank Maher, was appointed director and the first editor of the *Catholic Worker,* B. A. Santamaria, became his assistant. Educated by the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits, Maher is a lawyer, who is attracted more by the cosmic conflicts of history than by the legal battles of the bar. A neat, suave and restrained personality, who prefers compromise to conflict, his tact and diplomacy have been a prime factor in the lay development of the thirties. By contrast, his assistant, Santamaria, is a miniature tornado of ideas and energy. Australian-born of Italian parents, he followed a brilliant law course but sublimated a zest for politics in a social apostolate. His initiative and flair for journalism launched the *Catholic Worker,* while in recent years his powers of oratory, leadership and organization have been turned to building the Australian Catholic Rural Movement, perhaps the most important field of Catholic Action developed under the Secretariat. Starting from small beginings about four years ago, it now has groups, centers and regions, scattered up and down Australia, and is federated as a national movement, with its own newspaper, *Rural Life.* While English, French and Belgian ideas have had no little influence in other fields of the Australian lay apostolate, American and Canadian ideas have been the major inspiration in Australian rural movement.

Among other founders of the Campion Society, which included a convert parson and a former seminarian, was Denys Jackson, an English convert from Liverpool, who came to Australia on an exchange system as a teacher of history. After winning a university prize essay on "Catholicism and Reconstruction," he settled permanently, married, after proposing by cable to his future wife in England, began free-lancing for Catholic newspapers, became the best Catholic editorial writer in the Commonwealth and an authoritative commentator on world affairs. The influence of French thought, particularly Charles Maurras, gives him a certain monarchist slant of mind and a definite, though restrained, contempt for democracy. A striking figure, unexpected in dress and somewhat Chestertonian in style, Jackson, a specialist in history, is at home with the Caesars, Charlemagne, Saint Louis, the Stuarts and Napoleon and has become something of a legend, for his voice is known to thousands who have never seen him—the great radio audience which settles down every Sunday night to hear his weekly commentary, presented as "The Onlooker" from the "Catholic Hour," 3AW, Melbourne. Another foundation member, who had, however, no influence on the movement, was Frank Quaine, a brilliant French scholar of Melbourne University, who found himself so spiritually unattuned to Australia that he went to live in France, wrote articles for the royalist press, and took part in the retreat from Dunkirk, escaping safely to England on a destroyer.

Of profound importance in the history of the movement has been Kevin T. Kelly, a chubby dynamo of physical and mental energy, son of a railroad worker, an ardent democrat and radical

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laborite, whose torrid oratory has been heard from public platform, university rostrum and soap-box. One of the keenest minds thrown up by the society, Kelly was the founder of the Catholic Evidence Guild and is perhaps the best brain in the *Catholic Worker* movement. He simultaneously served in a Government department, worked his way through college, studied Catholic Action, maintained a world-wide correspondence and hammered out the policy of the *Catholic Worker* and the fundamental methods of Catholic Action.

The climax of the movement which began with the first Campion group in 1931 was the unification of Catholic Action by the hierarchy in October, 1941. It set the seal of approval on the work of the Secretariat, established by lay initiative in 1938, a work which has already produced abundant good in the public life of the Commonwealth. The national scheme of child endowment (family allowances) which became law early this year and went into operation in July, by which every mother of a family receives one dollar per head per week for every child after the first, was due in no small measure to the united Catholic voice, led by the Secretariat of Catholic Action and expressed in its statement on social justice of 1940. Recently, Dr. H. V. Evatt, Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs in the present government, paid a tribute to Catholic Action and its 1941 statement, entitled "Justice Now." Speaking of the wider distribution of wealth and property in a national broadcast, Dr. Evatt said: "I think I can make the point clearer by citing 'Justice Now,' an official research study of the Australian Secretariat of Catholic Action. I am not a member of the Catholic Church and, therefore, I feel a special duty to pay a tribute to the value of this study."

Australia at war

Meanwhile, the war birds are loose in the Pacific and Australians are experiencing for the first time the fear and exhilaration of armed conflict at their doors. Despite her small population and extensive littoral, Australia is not only strongly prepared for defense but is giving substantial assistance in men and materials to the allied cause. She is a concentrated arsenal, producing foodstuffs, clothing, guns, explosives, shells, tanks, aircraft and ships, in the greatest industrial drive in her history. One hundred and sixty-two thousand Australians volunteered for service overseas and received a terrible baptism of fire in Lybia, Greece and Crete, while at home there is an army of defense of 250,000 men, trained in 45 camps throughout the Commonwealth. Australian leaders were quick to learn the lesson of air power and the dominant feature of her defense even before the war has been the increasing expenditure on air defense compared with other services. There are 51,000 trained men in the Royal Australian Air Force, with more than 193,000 applications for enlistments up to June, 1941, while aircraft plants have been working around the clock for the past three years. Australia is prepared and the bombing of Pearl Harbor merely called the nation to attention. There is complete unity among her people and the Labor Prime Minister, John Curtin, who learned the art of debate in the Catholic Young Mens' Society, has announced new emergency measures, "the first installment of a complete revision of the whole of the Australian economy and domestic life."

And so Australia, the *terra australia incognita* which eluded discoverors, puzzled geographers and grew to nationhood in detachment and loneliness, has yielded up her splendid isolation before the silver wings of ocean fliers and has emerged into the full light of history. What the future holds no man can tell.

Two Poems

Mood in Ionic

In the bright houses the lights die,
One here, and now one there,
In the warm windows in dim walls,
All round me; and so lovably,
Not harshly. The street hums
More softly. The dark falls
Slowly, the way sleep comes.

I sit silent, and watch tumble
The fine things, all the hard things that I long labored at,
That I reared carefully—fall roughly, with a sad rumble
And a clash at the end. O it tears me in the heart here
To hear it, what I fought for.
And I am left here (God and I) bereft
Of all but what I sought for.

Fall of Timber

Softly decay worked in you,
And unperceived the strong walls hid the moulding core—
The best part of you—and tiny forces you disdained,
Till you could hold no more,
And the strained soul
Gave in without honor.

I heard this from another
(I did not see it)—
And something more, not noise of word;
A dry and hollow, fragile sound,
As of a moving leaf
Across the solid stone.
The air is colder;
I feel now the time that passed unnoticed;
I seem alone, and older.

JAMES E. WHITEHEAD, S.J.

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A City That Goes To School

La Crosse's Vocational and Adult School is the biggest thing in town.

***By* George Kent**

LA CROSSE, Wisconsin, has four movie theaters, several night clubs and other places of entertainment, but the biggest attraction in town is the city's Vocational and Adult School, a free public institution. Not only do 1000 working girls and boys under 18 attend classes but 8000 adults as well. These 9000 are more than one-fifth of the population of this busy industrial city. No community in the US has a larger proportionate enrollment.

If you ask the people of La Crosse to account for this phenomenon, they point to John B. Coleman, director of the school, who raised it from a pup. Twenty years ago he had two dingy rooms to work in, and few students. Today, he runs a $750,000 plant covering a city block, and more bicycles and cars park in front of it than at any spot in La Crosse.

Coleman, a sparkling little man of 52, explained to me the popularity of the school. Some years ago La Crosse was shocked by the sudden fading out of its principal industry—wood turning mills. Over-night, hundreds of skilled workmen were without jobs or the hope of getting any. The crisis affected almost everyone.

The school saw its opportunity. By means of leaflets, posters and newspaper advertising, Coleman said to the discharged craftsmen, "Let us teach you new trades; all you invest is your time." They responded. In time, they became welders, tool-makers, electricians and automobile mechanics, and when new industries arrived most of them eventually got work. La Crosse men and women never forgot the lesson, and the habit of going to school has been growing ever since.

"They crowd into the school," said Coleman, "because we will give them whatever they want. We'll provide instruction in any course that ten people apply for. Last year, we gave courses in 160 subjects. If an individual wants instruction and can't make up a group, we'll give him a tutor. If a person is sick, we'll send a teacher to his home.

"Our most important job is keeping men and women in step with the times. Jobs move out from old mechanics, for example, because they can't read a micrometer or a blueprint. Industry moves so fast nowadays that if you don't keep on learning, you fall behind—and after a while, you don't eat. Nowhere is this truer than in an industrial city like La Crosse."

Today, this vocational school does not wait for factories to close before going into action: it prepares people against such an event, by offering workers a second trade or a supplementary skill as a *spare,* lest anything happen to their present jobs. This preparation gives La Crosse citizens a security unique in American industry.

Not long ago Luther Raine, a book-bindery employee well past 50, was discharged. In the school he learned how to operate a milling machine, at which work he has had steady employment ever since. When Will Gunther, a musician, found himself without employment he took a course in screw machine operation and now earns good wages at that work in an air-conditioning equipment factory. At the school I met a farm hand who was taking a course in welding, and was already making extra money on Sundays repairing broken plow and tractor parts.

Sarah Holtz, a waitress, who was completing a course in bookkeeping, told me that her boss had increased her salary for keeping his accounts. More important than the money, she added, was the feeling of confidence her two trades gave her.

Advancement

Besides acting as job insurance, knowledge of a second trade helps young men advance.

A welder in the Allis-Chalmers factory enrolled to learn overhead and vertical welding, which led to a better-paying job. A young man employed in a factory stockroom went to the school and is now a well-paid tool-maker. Ed Alsdrup, a repair man in Ed Smith's bicycle shop, observed that jobs requiring welding had to be sent elsewhere; he took 50 hours' instruction in the school, persuaded his boss to buy a welding outfit, and now does that work—at increased pay. Cora Hauser, a dime store salesgirl, studied stenography in the school and is now a secretary in the local radio station.

La Crosse's unique school enables older men to switch to lighter jobs when their strength begins to decline.

John Wiltse, a middle-aged worker, ran a grinding wheel in a farm implement factory. Foreseeing that this job would be too strenuous for

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him in a few years, he entered the school machine shop and learned to operate a lathe. The factory, glad to see him adapt himself to a job better suited to his advancing years, moved him to the tool-making division at no loss in pay. Oscar Herrid did trucking and odd jobs; at 50, he went to the school and now has easier and better-paid work as a machinist.

The school has endeared itself to the community by the way it helps out in a crisis. When a factory installs new machinery which threatens the jobs of old employees, Coleman hires teachers and organizes classes in which those employees may learn to operate the new machinery.

A few years ago when a large national corporation took over a local cheese factory, it found an office staff that was still in the goose quill era. The old clerks were only a step from the firing squad when Coleman learned of the situation. He persuaded the new owners to hold off, then told the old office staff that schooling was the only thing that would save their jobs. They enrolled, learned to hammer on billing machines and comptometers with professional frenzy—and kept their jobs.

The vocational school is not too big or too busy to care for needy individual cases. A man who had recently lost a leg was taken around the shop and was then left alone to experiment with the various machines. He finally chose to learn to operate a milling machine, a sit-down job, and is now employed.

A girl victim of poliomyelitis which had paralyzed her left arm asked to be taught typing. The teacher tried to suggest less difficult occupations, but the girl insisted. The school developed a system for teaching one-armed typists which has since become standard in rehabilitation centers throughout the country; the girl got a typing job in a trucking company's office, and has become assistant manager.

Teachers give individual instruction to the blind and the bedridden in their own homes. Lame, deaf and otherwise handicapped persons attend classes along with normal students. Last years 58 partly disabled men and women, having mastered subjects that will make them self-supporting, were graduated. "And graduation from this school," Coleman remarked, "means employment."

Widows who have been left penniless come to school so that they may be able to earn a livelihood. Coleman believes that every woman, married or single, should be competent at some trade to which she can turn in an emergency. He refused consent to his daughter's marriage until she had promised to learn one.

"We constantly urge girls and women to learn a vocation before marriage, so that they will not have to scrub floors if left on their own. Many younger married women take instruction which will enable them to earning a living should the husband die or become an invalid."

A visit

With Coleman as my guide I visited acres of shops and classrooms. In a vast garage I watched men straightening fenders, spraying paint, working on motors, using gleaming new machines to test wheel alignment, gas consumption, carbon monoxide leaks and other car troubles. The machine shop, even more spacious than the garage, contained lathes, milling machines and numerous other machines, each being used by a student. At one, a smooth faced boy worked beside a man old enough to be his grandfather. The teachers moved among the workers, stopping to give help or criticize a finished job. I saw the owner of a shoe shop building metal stands on which he plans to display his shoes. A roomful of men and boys in goggles and masks greeted us in the welding department.

On an upper floor there was a din of comptometers, typewriters, billing machines and so on. Glass walls permit one instructor to keep her eye on several classes. In the home economics department was a series of kitchens resembling the type found in modern homes. There was also a suite of rooms arranged and furnished as a dwelling, where students learn interior decorating, how to clean and to serve meals. In a completely equipped beauty parlor women were learning how to give shampoos, operate driers, and so on.

It was not until I sat in a corner of Coleman's office, however, that I realized the many-sidedness of this remarkable school. The chief of police dropped in to ask if someone would teach his men finger printing. "Can do," said Coleman, and dictated a letter to the nearest F.B.I. headquarters. A manufacturer of air-conditioning equipment asked if three of his men could be taught to read blue prints. Coleman said, "Send them in tonight." He telephoned three other factories and within an hour had found a foreman qualified to teach the subject and had recruited a class of 36.

Throughout the day men and women come to his office. A blacksmith wants to learn arc welding. A young fellow needs to learn how to read a micrometer within one week. Several boys want to enter the Golden Gloves tournament; would the school provide a boxing instructor? "Yes," says Coleman.

Coleman knows everybody in town; his wide acquaintanceship helps enormously in opening up employment opportunities and eases friction between workers and management. Foremen and personnel directors confide their problems to him. "Old Bill Jones is slipping," one will tell him, "but he's too stubborn to admit it. We'd hate to let him go. Maybe you can talk to him." Another

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will ask Coleman's help with a younger man. "The kid's got ability but he runs with a drinking crowd. See what you can do."

Usually Coleman does something. In most cases he gets the individual to enter the school.

The staff

The school employs 93 teachers. Many teach only one short course; others work 12 hours a day, the entire year. A lawyer, for example, will be invited to lecture on will making, a doctor on vitamin preparations, a railroad man on rules of the road. One day Coleman heard two women on a bus speak admiringly of a certain department store saleswoman's skill with hats. He got the saleswoman to instruct a class in millinery.

Many teachers are master craftsmen Coleman took out of factories. The instructor in drafting and blueprint reading, for example, he discovered in the Allis-Chalmers plant. The teacher of automobile mechanics came from a La Crosse garage. The instructor in cabinet making was a foreman in a church furnishings shop.

Teachers taken out of industry are required to spend at least one summer studying pedagogy at the Stout Institute in Menominee, Wisconsin.

Coleman was born in White Water, Wisconsin, the son of a carpenter "who could fix anything." Working to support his mother after the death of his father, he grew up with a vast respect for deft hands. He has earned his living as a carpenter, can take a motor apart and put it together again, and last year he built his own summer cottage.

When Coleman took charge of the school, vocational education was regarded as only one notch above reform school. To correct this attitude Coleman talked to women's and business clubs, to workers and executives. He saw that the school enabled workers to keep their jobs and advance to better ones. The school has continued to grow until today it has a well-nigh perfect modern building. Coleman's $6,000 a year salary is, except one, the highest paid any La Crosse official.

Coleman's financial management is shrewd. The school, with a budget of $100,000, uses only about $60,000 of taxpayers' money. He obtains the remaining $40,000 by selling student services and the products of student labor. The machine shop, for example, makes and sells jacks, lathes and other equipment. The cabinet-making class turns out carpenter's benches, tables, chests, and other articles of furniture sold to schools throughout the State. Students in the school garage straighten fenders, tune up motors. The print shop prints church programs and civic organization publications. The home economics department serves banquets and caters for teas and parties.

Auditorium rental produces $2,000. Once a year the school puts a cooking school on a sponsored radio program which brings in $800. Student teams take inventory for stores and factories and mail circulars. The money thus earned goes into the school treasury.

Tuition for local residents is free but students from out of town—most of whom come from Minnesota and Iowa—pay a small fee.

Coleman believes that it is the school's job to keep people up to date. Hence it teaches them to dance, to remodel their old clothes, to do fancy cookery.

The small shop-keeper and independent artisan have not been neglected. Barbers take courses in shampooing and scalp treatment; butchers learn how to handle packaged meats. Plumbers and carpenters and painters learn to handle new materials and how to bid on jobs; a dozen graduates from these courses are now independent contractors.

While vocational education throughout the US has made great strides, particularly since the depression, the La Crosse school is outstandingly successful in adapting its curriculum to people's practical needs as they arise, and in equipping citizens with skills that enable them to surmount economic changes and disaster. Certainly this city, by spending more time in school than in movies and bowling alleys, proves that it has the kind of vocational school people want.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE POPE has spoken, his radio address on Christmas eve adding one more great chapter to the never-ceasing history of Christianity engaged in its mission of redemption, which began with the coming of Christ into the world and which must continue until the completion of that mission with the Church as the instrument of ways and means of promoting the will of God which lie beyond the comprehension of humanity, even of those men and women in whom God's will is more powerfully incarnated than in all others—first His Saints and next His divinely commissioned vicars on earth. For those who may say, as others have said of other Papal pronouncements, that the Christmas message from Rome may indeed have laid down with full authority the principles of human peace, but still leaves mankind groping for the right ways and means, the answer, however it may at present seem unsatisfactory, can only be: "First things come first. Here are the fixed, the immutable principles of peace among nations and classes and races of mankind: it is for men themselves to find the way to apply them, for man's will must retain its freedom at all costs and at all pains, and only in obeying the will of God is that freedom beneficial."

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Now American Catholics will await with renewed hope and faith the coming report of the committee of the hierarchy to which reference was made in this column last week, which is meeting in Chicago and which will take the leadership in guiding American Catholics in doing their share in aiding the Church to apply its principles in practical channels. As Prince Loewenstein points out in a valuable article in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* "Christian World Revolution," the American branch of the Catholic Association for International Peace, working through no less than seven committees, has already issued reports and recommendations for Catholic action which will be of special value to our other Catholic societies and groups. These reports may be obtained from the headquarters of the organized Catholic activities in the United States, the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D. C.

Another very valuable contribution to the current literature of Catholic action in dealing with the problems of war and peace is the address delivered recently by Cardinal van Roey, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, at a congress of the Belgian Young Christian Workers. The most complete account of this notable document that I have seen was published in the London *Tablet,* in its issue for November 22. Its main theme was "Political Catholicism," and it was directed in a special manner to answering those foes or unfriendly critics of the Church who, even when they do not seek absolutely to prohibit all its activities, root and branch, would dictatorially confine those activities to the administration of the sacraments. The Cardinal also took occasion to answer, and indeed, to rebuke and refute, those Catholics who find an alluring method of excusing themselves from personal participation in Catholic action of a social or national or international scope on the plea that since the Founder of the Church Himself assured the Church that the gates of hell would never prevail against it, there is nothing to be troubled about, or to fear, when persecutions come upon it. As the Cardinal told them, that divine promise applied to the Church as a whole, but not to the Church in any particular country—or continent it might have added. "We have only to glance at the history of Europe," remarked the Cardinal, "to see at once that the promise of unbroken existence was not made to the Church of any particular country, however Catholic or Christian it might be. . . ." North Africa was once one of the great centers of Catholic life, and of its intellectual culture as well, as the name of Saint Augustine alone would suffice to remind us; but it passed under Moslem control for many centuries, and Catholicism was completely suppressed. The Church, again, was effaced in Scandinavia and in England. Again, what happened repeatedly in Europe in past times is again being done in Europe, and may and will be done in many other parts of the world if the totalitarian governments first win the war and then impose the peace of slavery upon all races other than their own.

"Catholics must realize that there is an urgent danger," said Cardinal van Roey, "and they must do everything they can to avert it."

The Stage & Screen

Letters to Lucerne

THE GIRLS at Mrs. Hunter's cosmopolitan finishing school near Lucerne, Switzerland, have the friendly habit of entertaining one another, before they turn out the dormitory lights every evening, by reading aloud their letters from home. But as the autumn of 1939 advances, the letters become rather less entertaining. One by one the girls are infected by the wave of hatred blanketing Europe.

That is all—outside an international love complication; and a number of critics have dismissed Fritz Rotter's and Allen Vincent's play as a trivial approach to a most serious subject. It is demanded now that our playwrights who touch upon political subjects do so explicitly, in forthright dialectical terms.

And what emerges, for the most part, are staged debates. The human values are either neglected or reduced to stereotype.

"Letters to Lucerne" attacks the central problem of how to preserve our human equilibrium in the face of world-wide war. The group of sheltered adolescents we meet in the opening scenes are legitimate and effective symbols of the civilization we had set as our peacetime ideal. The device that brings them together and develops their problem is more natural, less literary than most such variations on the Grand Hotel technique. The action proceeds with a mounting poignancy that more than once uncomfortably constricts the throat.

For all its immediate poignancy, however, the dénouement is a contrived one, and it is this, I think, and not any essential triviality, which is responsible for a feeling of disappointment after the final curtain. Instead of an answer to the cardinal problem of how the individual may innoculate himself against the pervasive poison, we are merely told that it's all right to love a German girl if her brother is a traitor.

The play is a model of direction and casting. The girls, most of them fledgling daughters of celebrated stage personalities, not only act and speak but look like the nationalities they portray. Grete Mosheim, the German girl, has the look about her which many sensitive young people must have today in Germany: old beyond her years both in body and spirit, foredoomed to tragedy. Her acting is reminiscent of Elisabeth Bergner's, but without Bergner's elfin mannerisms. Sonya Stokowski, as the Polish girl, has the touching gaucheness of an adolescent whose skin is too thin to guard adequately a too-direct heart. The American girls are a pointed contrast to these: Phyllis Avery is a spoiled and trivial but inescapably attractive Dixie belle, while Nancy Wiman is a breezy Northeasterner who tries not quite successfully—in typical American fashion—to make peace for comfort's sake. Faith Brook is a tweedy British chauvinist; Mary Barthelmess's chauvinism is more vindictive, with deeper roots. Together, they are as handsome and talented a group of

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young women as ever charmed an audience, and Katharine Alexander is radiant as their understanding headmistress. *(At the Cort.)*

Banjo Eyes

AFTER twelve years' hostage to Hollywood and the radio, Eddie Cantor is back on Broadway, and what you will see in "Banjo Eyes" is chiefly Eddie. You will even see him, before it is over, racing back and forth across the stage in blackface, patting his hands together while he sings "Margie" and "If You Knew Susie." By that time the authors have given up all pretense of making a musical adaptation of "Three Men on a Horse," and in place of Eddie Cantor impersonating Erwin Trowbridge, Erwin Trowbridge impersonates Eddie Cantor.

It's unfortunate that this scene comes so close to the end, because it makes us forget the earlier scenes where Eddie proves that he's something more than a nostalgic relic. I refer especially to the hilarious drunken scene in the first act. Here is a nimble, versatile, expert comedian who depends not at all upon his audience's sentimental memories. The radio has tended to preserve the "Margie" Eddie, but the movies have developed an Eddie who can delight the eye with significant pantomime. Definitely, this is a comic with a frantic, impish style entirely his own.

Outside Eddie, there are the usual "production," the usual beautiful girls in ermine and bare thighs, the usual songs (the best is "We're Having a Baby"), the usual *doubles entendres*. There are also Tony de Marco and his usual new wife dancing as only Tony de Marco and his wives can do; and a burlesque dance team not nearly as bad as it sounds. And Audrey Christie and Lionel Stander and Banjo Eyes himself, as beguiling a horse as ever faced footlights. *(At the Hollywood.)*

Brooklyn, U.S.A.

THE AMERICANS have a particular talent for plays of this sort: fast, tough, contemporary melodrama. They are as indigenous as bourbon whiskey; and their effect is roughly similar. They aim not at our emotions but at our nerves. And if we have no hesitation in throwing away the bottle after it's empty, neither do we ask for our money back.

The subject of "Brooklyn, U.S.A." is the recently-uncovered murder syndicate across the river. John Bright and Asa Bordages don't pull their punches; you must go prepared to watch an ice-pick murder take place before your eyes. There's no plot to speak of — simply the brutal, vivid details of racketeering, contract murder, prostitution and double-cross leading—praise Heaven—inexorably to the death house at Sing Sing.

Eddie Nugent has the distinction of making himself the most disliked of the punks and jerks; Julie Stevens is uncomfortably convincing as his alcoholic slut. Adelaide Klein, in her first but surely not her last Broadway appearance, dreams nostalgically of getting away to California and setting up a nice little House with flowers in the back yard.

Howard Bay deserves a separate paragraph for his candy-store and barber-shop sets. *(At the Forrest.)*

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Lavender and New Songs

IF YOU want a nostalgic romance with a sad, tender story that is beautifully directed and nicely acted without too much blubbering, *"Remember the Day"* is your picture. As it starts, Claudette Colbert, expertly made up to look like a middle-aged school teacher, waits to see one of her "boys" who has gone places and is now nominated for the presidency of the United States. As she waits she remembers back to 1916 when she was a young teacher of the eighth grade—and a fine, sensible teacher she was. Of course her pupils liked her, but one in particular idolized and had a crush on her. What boy wouldn't be attracted by lovely Claudette, especially if your teacher understood why you were naughty and was a swell sport to tell you all about boats which was your favorite subject. Douglas Croft makes this little boy intensely real and unactorish. But the boy's dreams and faith in women are shattered when his teacher falls in love with the handsome manual training instructor, John Payne. Now the boy likes Payne too because he's the athletic coach, but this mushy stuff is disillusioning. The story which dallies with the love affair, its ecstasy and sorrow, gets pretty soft and Christmas cardy, but Henry King has directed it with such honest sincerity that it is acceptable even with the brushing away of a tear. I suspect that the screenplay, based on Philo Higley's and Philip Dunning's stage play, makes a much better movie than it did theater. The wide range of the camera takes in many realistic little touches that the limited stage cannot include—like the rocking chair fleet at the summer boarding house and the children's baseball game, and such effective cinema sequences as the departure in the railroad station. While the finale is downright gushy sentiment, Director King deserves great credit for his simple staging of this William Perlberg production.

It is more likely that war-time audiences will scurry to comedies; no doubt the musical films with girls and tunes and jokes will again come into their heyday. *"Hellzapoppin"* isn't typical of anything, but it is an introduction to the fast moving, nonsensical extravaganza type of thing we're in for. It opens with an announcement that "any similarity between 'Hellzapoppin' and a motion picture is purely coincidental," and immediately goes about proving this point. It was produced by Jules Levey and directed by H. C. Potter, but it is quite obvious that Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, who put the stage earthquake of the same name on Broadway, had more than a finger in this cinema custard pie. It's really a picture about a picture about "Hellzapoppin," and it kids motion picture making and motion pictures as well as its own actors and pointless story. Olsen and Johnson run in and out of the proceedings. Scenes and costumes change quickly and without reason. Shots from other films are spliced in. Of course the actors can't come into the audience as they did in the stage show, but Hugh Herbert is continually making sly asides to the audience; and at one point a sign notifies Stinky Miller to go home. Some of the rough stuff is pretty rough, and the whole thing is completely screwy. In between the absurdities, Martha Raye, Jane Frazee and Robert Paige sing songs and are assisted by a chorus that spends most of its time being draped around and in a swimming pool. Mischa Auer adds to the humor, and some very fast dancers put on a number called the "Congeroo." All in all the innovations aren't as startling as they could be, and they prove that the movies haven't begun to exploit the possibilities of insane fantasies. Way back in 1900 a French movie maker by the name of George Méliès thought up and used most of the tricks found in "Hellzapoppin."

The younger generation steps along the musical path too, with the entertaining *"Babes on Broadway."* Directed by Busby Berkeley, who also bossed the speedy "Babes in Arms," this new "Babes" suffers somewhat by comparison because it takes its plot too seriously and should have made its talky explanatory scenes snappier. At times the corny story gets choked up with emotion. But when the gang of youngsters, again led by Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, swing into action, there's nothing slow about their entertainment. This time they try to crash Broadway and when no producer will give them a break, they put on their own show, which becomes the success it should. The Broadway atmosphere is a bit fanciful, although that Pitt-Astor Drug Store will look like home to a lot of struggling actors. Virginia Weidler,

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Ray McDonald, Richard Quine and a flock of growing-up Hollywood hopefuls assist the two leads well. Oldsters Fay Bainter, James Gleason, Donald Meek never push themselves too far in the foreground to detract from the kids. Beside singing and dancing such good songs as "How About You," Judy and Mickey have further opportunity to exhibit their showmanship with their swell impersonations of Fay Templeton, Richard Mansfield, Sarah Bernhardt, George Cohan, Carmen Miranda. The minstrel-show finale, in which the whole cast gets a chance, would be rather old school for Broadway, but it's done with amusing punch. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Conquistador

Hernán Cortés. Salvador de Madariaga. Macmillan. $4.00.

A FASCINATING subject and a great writer make this biography one of the finest published in recent years. Don Salvador de Madariaga's opening paragraph sets the pace for that beauty of style which characterizes the book throughout. In spite of its flawless English, a language in which Señor de Madariaga shows himself to be quite as proficient as in his native Spanish, he manages to blend into its tones that certain richness, wealth of vocabulary, and colorful imagery of the Latin, while maintaining a sober, simple, crystal-clear precision.

Don Salvador displays his vivid imagination and psychological insight, not alone recounting the breath-taking adventures of Cortés and the exotic life of the ancient Mexican peoples with historic faithfulness, but actually penetrating into their very souls and interpreting them for us. Hernán Cortés comes forth from his pen a man of flesh and blood, the inner workings of whose mind and reasoning are laid before us with bold and certain strokes. No less masterful is his interpretation of the Aztec mind. When contemporary biographers of Cortés, like Bernal Diaz and Torquemada, portray Montezuma branding Quauhpopoca as a traitor for having killed some Spaniards, he differs, saying: "Though this version cannot be altogether ruled out, it does not ring true; it smacks of a Spanish interpretation of Aztec mind-twists and workings very different from ours; it is perhaps more likely that Moteçuçuma should have said to Quauhpopoca: 'I am grateful to you for having caught those Spaniards, and even more so, for having sent me their heads, which were an invaluable piece of information; I should like to reward you for it; and so, as the White Bearded One is furious with us and probably will want some human sacrifice to placate his Angered-God, I have decided that you shall have the honor to be the victim for my sake.' Whereupon, Quauhpopoca would leave the room overwhelmed with gratitude and ready to die ten times for such a magnanimous monarch." This seems a much more realistic version of what actually went on in the Lord Montezuma's august mind.

This book would seem to be a most valuable contribution to the history of the conquest, for it is written with the objectivity and dispassionate sincerity of the scholar. Don Salvador reveals no exaggerated sense of nationalism. The story, in fact, might have been told by a Frenchman, an Englishman or a Russian, and Spanish defects are not glossed over. It throws great light on the true spirit of the conquistadores, who are shown to be colonizers and statesmen as well as conquerors, and not alone plunderers in search of gold as has been the popular conception. The magnificent structure of the Spanish Crown and the childlike devotion of its subjects is analyzed, as well as the surprisingly democratic spirit underlying its institutions. These are not lawless men going forth in search of adventure, they are keen, sober, courageous leaders, soldiers and priests who seek new dominions for their King, new lands to sow and new souls to harvest. The benign and christianizing aspect of the conquest, as revealed by the humane and even respectful treatment of the Indians, is emphatically stressed. A great contrast is evident between this and the wholesale massacre of the savages by the English colonizer, and yet, *blood* and *gold*, have been held synonymous with the Spanish conquest. They were undeniable elements, but certainly do not symbolize nor express the real significance of this historical movement.

Señor de Madariaga knows his countrymen well and we are indebted to him for a sincere exposition of their virtues and vices. Cortés lives for us as a fearless soldier, a skillful leader, a crafty politician who can out-maneuver his enemies, a lawyer with a weakness for form, a Don Juan whose passions never best him, a merciful victor and a devout Christian with a zeal for human souls.

This exhaustive work takes the reader from Cortés's early days in Medellin, Spain, through his youthful escapades, his wanderings in the Indies, his audacious expedition to conquer the Mexicans, his successful dealings with the natives and his heroic march on Mexico City, the splendid capital of the mighty Montezuma, with but three hundred men.

The author's great sense of the dramatic comes to fruition in his masterful description of the meeting of Montezuma and Cortés, the clash of two civilizations, which he defines admirably and sums up in exquisite prose: "in the vast ocean of the white man's eyes, all the thoughts of the Mexican sank like worm-eaten canoes; in the lofty and secluded lakes of the Aztec Emperor's eyes, the Cross-hallowed Caravels of the Spaniard were paralyzed and sank as if smitten by an evil spell."

The reader is held spell bound by the incredible exploits of this little band of men and by the fascination of strange gods and barbaric customs, so vividly described that the author would seem to have been an eye-witness. Obscene and grotesque gods are replaced by the image of Christ, and blood-soaked pagan rites give way to burning candles and incense.

With unflagging wealth of detail the narrative continues through the fall of Mexico, its legendary reconquest and the assassination by his own people, led by the impetuous Cuahtemoc, of Montezuma, whose death is deeply mourned by the Spaniards who have grown to love their noble and majestic prisoner.

No part of the eventful life of this extraordinary man is left untold: his return to Spain, the intrigues at Court, his rewards and disappointments, until his death in 1547, preoccupied first and foremost with the welfare of Mexico and the salvation of his soul.

The beauty of this great biography is enhanced by its authenticity. Scholarly, yet never ponderous, it is a significant contribution to the history of the Spanish conquest. Truly a book worth reading and worth keeping.

LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

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BIOGRAPHY

Tomorrow Will Come. E. M. Almedingen. Little, Brown. $3.00.

HERE is a book that won a prize—and really deserved it. Miss Almedingen is an Anglo-Russian scholar and author who has been living in England since 1923. "Tomorrow Will Come" is the story of her early life in Russia, mostly Petrograd (or Leningrad), from which she managed to escape in 1922, when she was 24 years old. For her latest work she has been awarded the Atlantic $5,000 prize for non-fiction—and with the full approval of this reviewer, though with little applause from those of his fellow critics who no longer want to read anything uncomplimentary about communist Russia, late villain and new hero of the war.

As a matter of fact, these critics—if they had read carefully—might have learned some partial answer to the important question: "How can a people abused so long by an unjust, tyrannical régime still fight so bravely for that régime against the superior odds of Hitler's Wehrmacht?"

The author of "Tomorrow Will Come" lived through some of the worst years in the history of modern Russia. She saw and recognized the inefficient corruption of the Czars. As a suffering rank-and-filer she learned all about the inefficient totalitarianism of the Communists. She knows what it is to be homeless, to wear clothes made only of old curtains and sheets, to eat flat cakes made of potato peels, to eat nothing at all. And so from the depths of her own experience she can testify to the wellsprings of courage, resourcefulness and faith that have enabled the Russian people to survive tyranny and die fighting for the shreds of their ancient heritage.

Miss Almedingen has the sensitive, distinguished style of a good poet and the humble, long-range view-point of a good Christian. Of the simple stuff of a young girl's every-day reactions to chaos she has made a story that is at times beautiful, at times profoundly moving, at all times interesting and significant. JOHN C. CORT.

CRITICISM

Literary Scholarship, Its Aims and Methods. Norman Foerster, John C. McGalliard, René Wellek, Austin Warren, Wilbur L. Schramm. North Carolina. $3.00
The Intent of the Critic. Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crow Ransome, W. H. Auden. Edited with an introduction by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton. $2.50.

"LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP" is a sequel to Irving Babbitt's powerful reaction against naturalism. Its authors are four staff members of the School of letters at the University of Iowa and its director, Norman Foerster, who has undoubtedly done the most to formulate plans for the reform of American education in the light of the critique of neo-humanism. Some ten years ago, he was given the opportunity at Iowa of working for a cooperation between the Classical, Romance, Germanic and English teachers of the humanities that these might again be studied as such. This book is one of the results.

At the height of the naturalistic movement in the nineteenth century, Foerster explains, the humanities were dehumanized in our graduate schools, studies of historical facts—biographical, textual, causal, statistical—crowding out the critical study of esthetic, intellectual and spiritual values. This disciplines developed for the doctorate in letters were reduced to the inculcation of scientific habits of accuracy and thoroughness in research within a limited field of language or literary history. The School of Letters at Iowa would retain what is valuable in this method borrowed from science, but would further reintegrate the study of letters with the other humanistic discipline—history, the fine arts, philosophy, and religion; restore the cultivation of esthetic sensitiveness, the ability to write firmly, a concern for general ideas, and an insight into the permanent human values embodied in literature. The Ph.D. could then be given for training in general or esthetic criticism, and even for creative writing, and demand more than factual research in linguistic and literary history. This would mean a revolution in graduate work, and would also affect the college, as it would prepare teachers capable of giving college students a liberal education. Evidently this reform cannot be the work of a day, and the four essays in "Literary Scholarship" are but tentative plans for the immediate future.

John C. McGalliard treats of a study of language and of a history of language which would contribute to the adequate interpretation of literature. René Wellek outlines the method for a study of literary history which would concentrate on the actual work of art in the light of a sound critical theory of literature, and recover the ideal of history-writing as an art. Austin Warren discussess the difficult task of training for a literary criticism the end of which would be a total judgment, esthetic and philosophical; and Wilbur L. Schramm tackles the even more difficult problem of training for imaginative writing. There was a time when some college and university teachers belonged to American literature, but the research disciplines divorced the creative writer from the scholar. Mr. Schramm would try to reunite them by giving picked students the chance to read the great books of the past and the important books of the present, to think about them, to discuss them with qualified men, and to practice expression under the guidance of craftsmen in the art forms, and with the stimulation of a group of other young writers. The embryo critic should, of course, do the same.

"The Intent of the Critic" is the third of the Princeton University symposium series which already included "The Meaning of the Humanities" and "The Intent of the Artist." This book is also proof of the dissatisfaction with present practices prevailing in academic circles. As Donald A. Stauffer puts it in his introduction, critics perpetually walk "between a sterile dogma and a sterile skepticism." What can be done about it?

Edmund Wilson of the *New Republic* would have the critic interpret literature historically in its social, economic and political aspects. As a disciple of the philosophy of total change, he holds that: "All our intellectual activity, in whatever field it takes place, is an attempt to give a meaning to our experience." He thus has to be satisfied with "the emotion which tells us that we are in the presence of a first rate piece of literature." Moreover, as for him, "The emotion of the more highly organized man and the emotion of the less highly organized one is merely a gradation of emotion," his experts are merely "the people who can distinguish Grade A and prefer it to other grades."

W. H. Auden recognizes that we are at the end of the period which began at the Renaissance, and that "all consciously or unconsciously are seeking some form of

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catholic unity to correct the moral, artistic and political chaos that has resulted from our over development of protestant diversity (using the terms in their widest sense)." He explains the differences between the democratic and fascist assumptions, and accepts the democratic as having absolute values. But he holds that our knowledge of absolute values is always imperfect, and in his doubt that the critic can pass judgment knowingly, he would have him "as chary of utterly condemning a book as of acclaiming it as a masterpiece."

The essays of John Crowe Ransome and of Norman Foerster are more constructive. Mr. Ransome distinguishes two present schools of moralistic critics, the neo-humanists and the Marxists, the first believing in "the respectable virtues," the second considering "genteel" respectability as the greatest of vices. He opposes both to the esthetic criticism which he believes is possible through distinguishing in a poem it prose core, which may be paraphrased, and what makes it a poem: its structure and especially its texture. In his valuable discussion of "texture," Mr. Ransome does not allude to the French discussion of "poésie pure" which would be pertinent, nor does he point out that the texture might be filled with artificial ornamentation that would spoil the structure.

Norman Foerster's essay links back with his thesis and Austin Warren's in "Literary Scholarship." Foerster admits that we must "feel the book," but he maintains that we must also "think the book" by analyzing not only the esthetic pattern but the ethical burden of the book. For instance, a "Psalm of Life" is weak esthetically and stereotyped ethtically; "Tintern Abbey" is great esthetically and unsound ethically. And he concludes: "We have had our 'return to nature.' It is time for another great historical return, 'the return to man.'"

The Catholic critic would add: By all means, a return to the belief in man distinct from nature, but you cannot have such a return without a return to the belief in God the Creator. Because without the belief in God the Creator, you cannot conceive clearly the nature of man, and hence you cannot distinguish between the legitimacy of the pursuit of his proximate ends, of which art is one, and the exigencies of his ultimate end which art must respect.

And yet it is only thus that esthetic criticism can be assigned its proper function distinct from that of ethical criticism, and ethical criticism be shown to deserve to have the last word, since to it belongs the task of evaluating the ever-changing particular in the light of the abiding universal, thus giving us the key to the hierarchy of values, esthetic and ethical.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER.

Music in Western Civilization. Paul Henry Láng. Norton. $5.00.

WHEN one contemplates the dreary rank of "secondary source" works which are now being produced for students of history, it is with real pleasure that one reads Paul Láng's "Music in Western Civilization." It is not contrast alone which makes this work impressive. It is an important contribution to historical writing. It is the work of a philosopher, of a stylist and of an historian who deserves that much misused title. It is an original work in that it brings together vast areas of knowledge which have never been assembled before. It casts light on phases of musical history where understanding has not been easy. It adds new emphasis which will do much to reconstruct the current conception of the musical inheritance of the western world.

The whole work is cast in line with a new emphasis, which, stated largely, is to show the importance of the earlier phases of music—in the Middle Ages and Renaissance particularly. The music of these centuries was not only a complete art but it entered deeply into the life of the time. For this reason a good half of the book (and perhaps the most interesting part) is devoted to what Dr. Láng calls "pre-Bach" music. "For," says he, "it is a deeply ingrained fallacy that music was slow in coming of age, that it trailed the other arts by centuries."

To correct this fallacy he lays before us, in a series of brilliantly organized chapters, the great wealth of music of the Church, of music of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. There is no more engrossing story than his of the development of polyphony—from the single line of Gregorian chant through the curious organa of the eleventh century to the fantastically elaborate motets of the thirteenth century. Or of the spreading of the international art of music by the Flemish composers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Dr. Láng's treatment of "Post-Bach" music is no less masterly but here the newness of Dr. Láng's erudition is not as apparent. And the treatment of as vast a field from the Renaissance to comparatively modern times in the compass of half a volume is bound to lead to a great deal of generalization and repetition. Even in these more familiar fields, Dr. Láng's judgments are always interesting and there are brilliant essays on Wagner, Berlioz, Verdi and numberless others.

In the work as a whole the breadth of Dr. Láng's knowledge and its depth are hard to believe. As a philosopher and historian he recreates and analyzes the epochs of civilization and makes his own definitions of the "Great Terms." He is learned enough as a scholar to give the detail which makes broad conceptions interesting. His sense of history (and of humor) give parallels which make even remote times human—as when he says "there is a surprising analogy between the virtuoso era of the twentieth century and this sudden popularity of instrumental dexterity in the fifth and fourth centuries, B.C." Or, of a Greek composer, "We can readily see that the aulete's problem was very much akin to those faced by a Richard Strauss; that is he was supposed to render action and plot in music."

It is this same sense of history which makes him constantly aware of the recurrence of phases in art—of realism, of romanticism, of classicism. They give an Ariadne's thread through the lengthy chapters and the erudition. It broadens one's musical conceptions to know that realism in music began with the Greeks and Romans, that it appeared again and again . . . that the realism of "Ockeghem was more serious than ours . . . motion, the opening of eyes, genuflection, etc., all find graphic expression in music. . . . Whenever the text mentions night or darkness, for example, the composer uses black notes only, and the evocation of eternity elicits long drawn out notes."

Or to read of classicism that "classical form has often returned in the past and will return in the future. But the classical spirit has returned very seldom and never altogether. The world has had a beautiful dream of the sacred primeval era when Pan's pipes echoed in the woods and the flame of sacrificial offerings lit up Dorian temples. Whenever the tired world has longed for peace and order,

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harmony and blissfulness, it has returned to this sacred and venerated mythical epoch. This fabulous world reminds us, however, of the hero of the old legend who is in eternal quest for the likeness of his dead wife. When he finds it—her face eyes, hair, everything seems to be the same—he is convinced for a moment that his quest has ended, but the illusion passes, for the spirit is absent. Classicism has returned frequently in its exterior manifestations, but it has never been the Aphrodite of Cnidus, now dead."

The sections at the end of each chapter on the practice of music, the theory and esthetics of the time are as valuable as they are unusual. These sections alone would make a volume of importance. One can get from them a complete bibliography of source material. Throughout the book Dr. Láng gives the thought of contemporaries—Plato's emphasis on musical education, the fears of the Church fathers because of music's seductiveness, Luther's sophisticated appreciation of the value of music in his new religious edifice. He gives an excellent account of the beginnings of the modern profession of criticism and of the new scholarly discipline of musicology. An endless horizon of reading and reference is disclosed to the reader. It would be asking too much for more, and yet would it have been at all possible to give a few references to available editions of the music itself. Perhaps the answer is that they are too difficult to obtain. If so Dr. Láng's book opens the question and the demand for publication of more music of the early periods. Certainly he could do no more for music than he has done in presenting an incredibly rich inheritance which both dazzles and fascinates the mind. MARGARET BYARD.

The Opinions of Oliver Allston. Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.00.

VAN WYCK BROOKS discovered America about the time so many of our writing folks were discovering either sweetness and light in Europe, or the utter rottenness of life at home. He had traveled widely and read and thought more widely, but his books—"New England: Indian Summer" and "The Flowing of New England," are not the nostalgic Americana of the rootless expatriate. In the days when coterie literature shamed our common ways of life, he extolled the writings of New England and recognized them to be our primary national literature. "The expression of the state of mind by which we have risen." More than that he made this truth a literary fashion among people who thought us almost illiterate.

By way of editing the journals and papers of a dead friend, Oliver Allston, Mr. Brooks records his own opinions political, literary and ultimate. This last group are difficult to assay, for the author has an old-fashioned prejudice against the word religion, though he is worshipful, and he distrusts philosophy while he writes most philosophically about it.

Van Wyck Brooks is a man of his time, perhaps too much so. His book is inconclusive on the plane of principles, most quotable and most stimulating on the level of experience. His chapters on communism, socialism and a business world are excellent and irritating examples of a humane and disciplined mind refusing to sum up its own notes on human nature into a definition of man, conformable with a noble social order. Our national frustration to plan for democracy is due to a great extent to men as wise and warm hearted as Brooks, refusing to give an answer to the question, "What is man, what is he for?" Of course, these answers are ultimately personal, which is to say they are ultimately too religious to be faced complacently. This is said most regretfully because the book is so good that it clamors for perfection.

A great book, says Brooks, "is a great man writing." "And a great man," he continues, "is one who bespeaks the collective life of the people of his group, of his nation, of all mankind." In this volume is invested the best part of an authentic American man of letters' good life. Van Wyck Brooks gives speech to the tap root feelings of America, he gives meaning to the motions in the marrow of the nation and puts words on the inarticulate prejudices that lie under our tongue. And the nation, by and large, can be proud of these thoughts and of Brooks's thoughts about them. Most of our contemporary "American literature" is regional, self-conscious and superficial, but this is an authentic great American book, because it is the flowering of an American life, "whose tap root is deep in the general soil of mankind." This is the American book every American writer of the last ten years thought he had written.

It was most interesting to note the effect of this book on the reviewers. Most of them were bewildered by it. All the smart young men who would disembowel a friend for the sake of an epigram were silenced into a paragraph of bewilderment. The more scholarly ones could hardly believe this modern and popular man of letters was saying again the ancient and eternally young platitudes by which men have always lived and loved heroically.

Of all the dirty little gods who ruled in little magazines the thinking of the generation just grown up, he has much to say in a short chapter whose title is the judgment: "What a Set." Sample a sentence: "I feel a blind rage on behalf of younger sensitive minds who have had no other pabulum than these one-eyed writers, sickly adolescents, self centered and neurotic, inexperienced persons, divorced from the soul, divorced from their country, often, and from parenthood and love, ignorant of the general life with no horizon beyond their noses or the spiritual slums in which they live. They are besotted egoists one and all stewing in their vanity, throwing dust in the eyes of their readers. Mystagogues and swindlers." And yet, the man who wrote that most clinical analysis calls James Joyce "The sick Irish Jesuit"—the poor Jesuits! they should have been spared that belittlement. But could anything be more blistering to the poor soul of Joyce! This book will be read with relish by the tough minded few who have survived the coddling of modern education and the septic slush of tender hearted liberals. But "It is the tough minded," he says, "who achieve the hopes and aim of the tender in heart." And tough mindedness comes from living by tough principles. Tough thinking is not tough enough. Here the words of Léon Bloy slip in as logically as they were unexpected: "There is only one unhappiness and that is not to be one of the saints." JOHN MONAGHAN.

FICTION

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1941. *Edited by Herchel Brickell. Doubleday.* $2.50.
Reading I've Liked. Clifton Fadiman. S. and S. $3.00
The Pocket Milne. A. A. Milne. Dutton $2.00

THE TWENTY-THIRD annual volume of the O. Henry Memorial volume is an anthology of the "best" short stories of the year. Although the "best"

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stories, with one or two exceptions, are not a distinguished collection, they make moderately good reading.

For his new book A. A. Milne has chosen what he considers the best of his own writings published in *Punch* twenty years ago. The book is not a success, for its publication suggests to the reader that Milne himself has become somewhat the type of character that the Milne of twenty years ago wrote about in *Punch*. The clever pieces were, no doubt, entertaining and cleverly stimulating when they were read singly and along with other more or less humorous material from other authors. But, when the Milne things are read one after the other with nothing different for relief, the impact of brightness is too much.

The Fadiman volume is a much better "value" if one is thinking of spending time or money on any one of these books. This book is so big—more than 1,000 pages—that even if a reader does not like everything that Fadiman has liked, he is certain to find much that appeals to him. For example, this reviewer hasn't a high opinion of the writings of Thomas Mann, whom Fadiman includes, but was delighted to find that Fadiman had included other selections—such as the piece from Fowler's "Modern English Usage"—which an editor of narrower imagination and experience would not have thought of including.

The Fadiman book gives a fairly adequate overview of the good writing that was done during the long armistice between World War I and the present one. In this connection it is noteworthy that one of the few selections from an earlier period is Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship," which with Santayana's "The Unknowable" make up the philosophical-religious pieces in the book. Some readers will feel that Fadiman has included a rather heavy sampling of the "realistic" writers. Others will ask why he included nothing from Sigrid Undset, Aldous Huxley or certain American writers such as Waldo Frank. Presumably the reason is that they are reading he hasn't liked.

RUTH BYRNS.

Bright Scalpel. Elizabeth Seifert. Dodd. $2.50.

ACCORDING to the jacket, Elizabeth Seifert wrote "Young Dr. Galahad," which won the Dodd, Mead-*Redbook* $10,000 prize, and since then has written four more doctor-novels, of which "Bright Scalpel" is the last. She has also raised five children, for whom she does the cooking "and a good part of the work in their nine-room house," and conducts the Parent-Education Class for the P.T.A.

All of which proves that you can't do everything; for "Bright Scalpel," evidently dashed off on brief steps between the kitchen-stove and upstairs bedrooms, is a somewhat careless concoction of good, bad and terrible writing.

To her credit, Miss Seifert shows, for a laywoman, an amazingly intimate knowledge of doctors and doctoring. She can also recreate the atmosphere of Midwest, small-town life and arouse an initial interest in story and characters. She is for the poor against the rich, for virtue against sin (with allowances for birth control), for culture against the Philistines. Unfortunately, that is not quite sufficient. To outweigh the above assets, for example, it is enough that her hero insists in calling his mother "Miss Lydia." And most of the characters have a difficult time deciding whether to behave like human beings or like people in a bad melodrama—a bad puppet melodrama. I'm afraid "Bright Scalpel" will win no prizes, even from *Redbook*.

JOHN C. CORT.

PHILOSOPHY

Meister Eckhart. A modern translation by Raymond B. Blackney. Harper. $3.00.

IT IS SCARCELY possible for a critic not to sympathize with the genuine warmth which has captured Mr. Blackney in his experiences with Meister Eckhart. Apparently he had to undo many prejudices. "Before I began to read Meister Eckhart, I shared a common prejudice against medieval thinkers and all their works. I disliked theology in the medieval idiom, regarding it as juiceless and static, and fortunately superseded by more vital modern religious thought." He was not satisfied with existing translations into modern German or English. He made his own. As I said, you can only admire a man who undertakes the task of translation in order to approach the secret that is the religious thought of Eckhart. *Wiltu den kernen haben, so muostu die schalen brechen: if you want the kernel, you must break the shell.* Mr. Blackney, to use Eckhart's own metaphor, has broken the shell. He includes in his translation twenty-eight sermons, fragments from others, the famous "Defense," and treatises such as "The Book of Divine Comfort," the "Aristocrat" and "Meister Eckhart's Talks of Instructions."

I am sorry to say, however, that the sympathy of the critic is forced to stop at about this point. It is clear from the introduction that Mr. Blackney is writing for a large public, and that he wants to present Eckhart to the modern world as a thinker who was enraptured by the intimate union of God and man. This is surely a noble mission. The difficulties begin when we are told that Eckhart is a prophet of Protestantism. "He could not be satisfied until he had made certain of the creative, ultimate sources of all being, in the only place where it can be immediately known: in the depths of the immaterial self of a man. This is Protestantism." Perhaps it is, though that is a double-edged decision. For before the doctrine of Eckhart was Mr. Blackney's Protestantism, it was, not authentic Christian mysticism, as he supposes, but Neoplatonism, taught by Proclus and nurtured by Dionysius. I should like to suggest in all sincerity that Mr. Blackney look again inside the shell he has broken. Does he really think that there is a sort of direct line of doctrinal descent from Anselm to Thomas Aquinas to the Meister from Hochheim on the nature of being? It is surely not necessary to discuss the differences between Saint Anselm and Saint Thomas at this date. But without doubt it is necessary to insist on the enormously Neoplatonic character of the thought of Eckhart, including what is taken to be his mysticism.

Mr. Blackney has more medieval things to discover. Eckhart is a proficient Neoplatonist: Mr. Blackney must measure what is and what is not Christian in this. Such a need is sufficiently important to be stated by itself. I shall, therefore, pass over without comment Mr. Blackney's bibliographical omissions; his unusual persuasion that Boethius translated the "Timaeus" of Plato into Latin; his lapses into questionable rhetoric. These are relatively minor points. But there is a more serious question at stake when Mr. Blackney finds in Eckhart a doctrine whose historical meaning he has not properly understood and whose Christian character he has too easily evaluated.

ANTON C. PEGIS.

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The Inner Forum

The Church in the Philippines

THE FIRST missionaries to establish themselves in the Philippines were a small group of Spanish Augustinians who accompanied Legaspi on an expedition fitted out in Mexico which took over the islands in the name of Spain in 1565. In 1581 the first bishop, a Spanish Dominican, was sent out to the islands together with a group of Dominicans and Jesuits. They were followed by Franciscans and other missionaries and the Filipinos were so receptive to the Faith that by 1650 a large proportion of their land had become Catholic. The church of Santo Domingo at Manila, destroyed by Japanese bombs, goes back to 1588. Its library contained priceless original records of Dominican Missions in the Philippines for over 300 years.

Progress in this mission field was steady until the middle of the nineteenth century. The Filipino insurrection and the Spanish-American war brought with them the killing of many Spanish friars and the establishment in outlying districts of the schismatic national church, which imitated the externals of Catholicism and at its peak numbered 3,000,000 adherents. Early in the 1900's the American hierarchy undertook the training of a sound native priesthood and the tide began to turn. The International Eucharistic Congress held in Manila in February, 1937, marked the culmination of the growth of the Church in the Philippine Islands. By then two-thirds of the dioceses and archdioceses were headed by native bishops. Witnesses of the Congress report remarkable manifestations of grace and of public repentance. Since 1937 there has been a sharp increase in vocations to the religious life.

Pius XI had a special interest in the Philippines and he chose Manila as the site of the Eucharistic Congress to remind the Filipinos that ultimately they were to be the missionaries of the Far East. Today of the 16,000,000 inhabitants of the islands some 12,500,000 are Catholics. Of the 1,400 priests some 800 are natives. Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, the Philippine Primate, is Irish; there are three American bishops, two Dutch bishops and one Belgian bishop. The thirteen Filipino bishops include one archbishop, who was consecrated in 1935, and two auxiliary bishops.

The Jesuits are by far the largest religious order established in the Philippines, with 250 priests and scholastics, 116 of them Americans. There are in addition Fathers of the Divine Word, Augustinians, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Redemptorists and several other religious orders. The Maryknoll Sisters perhaps comprise the largest group of Sisters out there and there are also Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Holy Ghost Sisters of Techny, Ill., St. Columban Sisters of Silver Creek, N. Y., and others.

The University of Santo Tomas, conducted at Manila by the Spanish Dominicans, has an enrollment of 3,000 students and includes, among other faculties, a school of medicine, a school of mines and a Dominican theological seminary. The Ateneo (Athens) de Manila, which has been conducted by American Jesuits for the past twenty years, comprises everything from elementary grades to graduate school and includes some 2,000 students. It was the first educational institution out there to have compulsory military training, but in 1935 American-style ROTC was decreed by the government throughout the islands. Manila itself is the center of cultural life, drawing in students from the outlying provinces, and the Ateneo has consistently stressed its rôle as the purveyor of a fully and explicitly Catholic education, the influence of which in its graduates would permeate the most distant provinces of the archipelago.

While Manila is the political, religious, and educational center of the Philippine Islands, there are a number of important Catholic educational institutions scattered through the archipelago. There are some 24 Catholic high schools for boys and 36 high schools for girls, in all. Of the dozen major seminaries for the native clergy four or five are situated in Manila itself. One-quarter of the dozen Catholic hospitals out there are also in Manila.

One of the major interests of the Church is its leper colonies. The largest one in the world at Culion, which was founded by Dr. Victor Heiser of the United States, has 6,000 patients. There are also a number of Catholic receiving stations scattered throughout the islands where cases in the less advanced stages can be cured and the more advanced cases cared for until they are transferred to the more permanent leper colonies. The Culion colony is staffed by more than a score of Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres and by Jesuit chaplains.

In 1935 there was founded the Philippines *Commonweal,* a national newspaper and review edited by lay graduates of the Ateneo with a Jesuit ecclesiastical adviser. It is issued in three editions, English language and two native dialects, the combined circulation of which is about 30,000. There is also a Commonweal Radio Hour of an hour and three-quarters every Sunday, which again is conducted by eminent laymen from the Ateneo; it is now in its third year and its various dramatized and expository broadcasts have been widely distributed also in pamphlet form. The Jesuit Fathers are in full charge of the official weather bureau and its 50 sub-stations which play such a large part in warning the people in time against approaching typhoons. The Philippines comprise an eminently Christian land.

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